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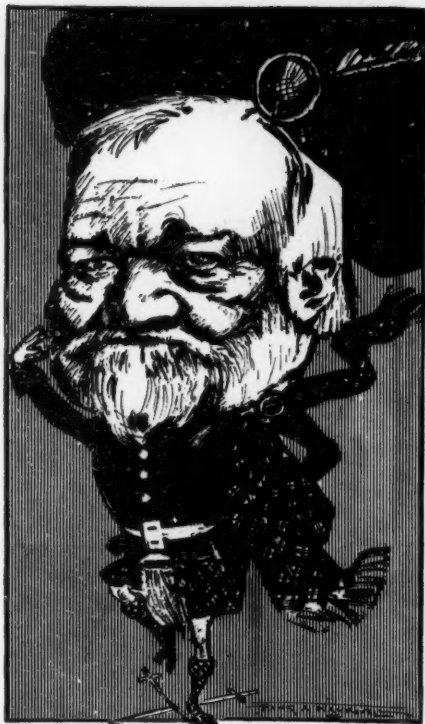


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LETTING HIS LIGHT SHINE.

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PUCKOGRAPHS. — XXXV.

A GENEROUS SCOTCHMAN.
(This is no joke.)

You can see the Maying time,
When the maidens' voices chime
Joyous notes;
When the Neltjes and the rest
Are arrayed in all their best
Petticoats.

And they dance with such a grace,
And they blush with such a face, —
Rose-and-cream —
As they curtsy, sweet and shy,
That you wonder why you sigh
As you dream.

For they 've vanished long ago,
Burgher, goede vrouw and beau,
Damsel fair;
And the smile that meets your eye,
And the steps that patter by
Are but air.

Yet, 't is said that every night
When the moon is shining bright
On the scene,
Still the Dutchmen's placid souls
Play their solemn game of bowls
On the Green.

Louise Morgan Sill.

BOWLING GREEN.

WHERE the city's rushing throng
Beats its burly way along
Whitehall Street,
Up where giant buildings frown
On the pigmy people, down
At their feet,

Lies a modest bit of park
That the people seldom mark
In their haste,
As they scatter to and fro,
And like winds of heaven go,
Fury-paced.

But within this green enlosed, —
Where the burghers once reposed
At their ease,
Or at bowls displayed their skill
Summer afternoons to kill,
If you please —

Reigns some magic of the past
That, amid the noisy blast
All around,
Sets a charm upon your ear
As you enter, and you hear
Not a sound;

Not a murmur, save the tone
Of a Dutchman, or the drone
Of a bee;
Or the laughter of a child
As he scampers free and wild
On the lea.

THE SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

UNCLE JEDEDIAH. — Silver is goin' ter be the
main issue 'round here again next campaign.

UNCLE JUDSON. — Ye can't tell yet, Jed.

UNCLE JEDEDIAH. — Yes, I can. 'Squire Yawp
has begun ter carry his five-dollar gold-piece and
a Mexican dollar 'round town.

SUSPICIOUS.

"More Irish prisoners," said the General to
Kruger.

"This may be an English ruse to gain control of the
government," sighed the wily Oom Paul.

THE MOST effective Boer weapon seems to be the trap.

IN THE interest of accuracy, we might take a straw vote among the
Filipino prisoners and find out whether they call themselves Tagals
or Tagalos or Tagalogs.



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A HAPPY EVENT.

LORD NOKASH. — Congratulate me, old chap! I have a daughter, at last!

LORD LITTLEDOUGH. — Bullion's or Gotroks'?

LORD NOKASH. — Bullion's!

THE FIGHTING up to date indicates that the Transvaal
could whip anybody of its size.

IT IS evidently not one of those large, cumbrous editions of the Bible
which the British carry in one hand while advancing with the sword
in the other.



IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

KATRINA.—But nobody is wearing necklaces now!
THE PEDDLER.—Nay; I am selling dozens of them. Everybody is wearing them!
KATRINA.—Sayest thou so? But then they will be so common!

MISQUOTED.

MR. FITZSHARKEY.—Look here, you! I hear you said that, intellectually, I was a freak.
MR. SMALL.—Not at all, my dear sir! I was misquoted. I said that intellectually you were a giant.

CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

SHE.—He is such a dramatic preacher! Have n't you ever heard him?
HE.—No;—I have never attended a theatrical performance on Sunday.

AN UNFORTUNATE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.

THE GIRAFFE.—Is n't the horse a relation of yours?
THE ZEBRA.—Yes; a sort of poor relation. He has to work for a living, poor fellow!

ONE NEEDED.

SHE.—They seem to be lost in each other's love.
HE.—Yes; they ought to advertise for a minister.

HIS STATUS.

"Gabbleton is quite a linguist, is n't he?"
"Yes; he is a confounded bore in three languages!"

A WONDERFUL YOUTH.

MR. HOON.—Clarence Broadhead is the most remarkable young man of my acquaintance.
MRS. HOON.—Why so?
MR. HOON.—Why, he never tries to act cute at a church festival.

HIS SENSATION.

MRS. MCGORRY.—How did yez fale phwin dhe dintist was pullin' yure tathe?
MCGORRY.—How did Oi fale, is ut? Bedad! Oi regritted wid ahl me hear-r-rt thot Oi was n't born a hen!



A DISAPPOINTING RELATIVE.

EDITH.—I understand your rich uncle is not in the best of health?
HAROLD (sighing).—Well, no; but, hang it, he might be worse!

WHEN YOU are thinking of making a short cut to success remember that there are very few guide-posts off the beaten track.



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LIBERTY.

CASEY.—Have a drink, quick, before me wife comes in, Cassidy!

CASSIDY.—What would she do if she caught ye?

CASEY.—Break ivery bone in me body! Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, Cassidy!

HIS KICK.

The gentlemanly and efficient Stage-hand was distraught. He had just received his weekly instructions and the managerial footsteps were even then echoing down the marble corridor of the "Palace of the Doges." Seating himself beneath "Brooklyn Bridge at Midnight," on the off-side of "The Thames at Henley," the scenic Cloud Gatherer communed with his spirit.

"When I entered the profession," he mused, "I soon learned to harden myself to the plaudits invariably accorded to the sawdust pusher at the close of a dance turn. On these and similar occasions most trying to gentlemen in my profession, I acquired a dignity superior to the witticisms of the upper-ten centres.

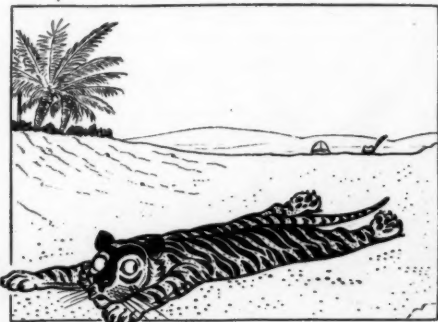
"As a bearer of fake notes on the stage, and a shaker of broken glass off it, I have ever conducted myself with marked promptness and discretion. It can never be said that I could not be counted on to hold the trained kangaroo, or to supply the tumblers with resin. My responses of, 'Did the Peeler hit the Guinea?' 'Well!' etc., given to punctuate the vocal efforts of Irish comedians, were considered uniformly inspiring and plenty loud

FLATTENED STRATEGY.

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THE TIGER.—Ah! I smell fresh meat! I hear footsteps approaching. Yes; here they come up the hill. I'll catch whoever it is by trickery.



"I'll just flatten myself out on the ground, and they'll take me for a fine tiger-skin rug; sit on me, and then—well, it is an old trick of mine and I never knew it to fail."

enough. Frequently I have created enthusiasm for a coon dancer by my exceptional hand-clap accompaniment and a judicious performance on the sand-papers.

"When the jocose magician squirted fire in my face I bore it in the interests of science and salary. In like manner I have played shuttlecock for the knockabout teams, whose highest idea of humor is a well-directed smash over the head. While holding glass balls I have never flinched, and I have always been a cheerful adjunct to all sorts of targets for the sharpshooters.

"Last week I tried to look happy when the slackwire walker pulled my hair out in bunches. In assisting her I entertained the house at the expense of various liberties taken with my person by her clown partner.

"But, By the Cue of Henry Irving!" he shouted, knocking his head madly against the approach to the Brooklyn bridge; "when they wants me—me, an American of East side birth and Bowery education—to rig up in knee-pants and a powdered wig, to bring out properties for them two dago 'Parisian Successes,' and to say 'Vowe-la Messur' with each and every property—there is a great big kick coming to me!" Larkin G. Mead.

HIS ONLY HOPE.

"Gee! I'd like to have one o' dem watches! I don't see no chants o' gettin' one, though—unless I saved up a two-spot an' played de races."

IN A JUST CAUSE.

"What is a well-balanced mind, Uncle Theodore?"

"Well, it is a mind that can sympathize with the upper dog in a fight."

THE PUBLIC POSE.

"What a dignified bearing Ambrose has!"

"Yes; he looks as if he thought eleven kodaks were pointed at him."

HER VIEW.

"My views on marriage?" said the burlesque actress. "Why, I regard marriage as merely tentative!"

And she cheerfully admitted that she contemplated leading another man to the altar.

IN POINT of fact, almost any woman would rather be thought to be prudish than be known to be knock-kneed.



MR. FATLEIGH.—Say, Mary, this being stranded in the Wilds of Africa is no cinch! The Dime Museums in New York will be good enough for us, if we ever get back.



"Good Gracious! Look at that fine tiger-skin rug! Let us sit down on it and rest awhile, Mary."



"Great Avoirdupois! It's alive! But just keep where you are, Mary; he can't last long under this pressure. Just see us knock the wind out of him!"



"Well, come along, Mary! The price of this skin will take us to New York."

EDITION DE LUXE.

AM fond of books — and Alice!
Alice, to my bookish heart,
Is a choice and rare edition
Issued in a single part.

I have read her heart by chapters —
In her letters, to be sure!
Neatly folded, numbered pages,
Sixteen to a "signature."

With her brown hair, soft and wavy,
Blue eyes, lips like cherries ripe,
Every attribute of Beauty,
She's herself a perfect "type."

Alice needs no "illustrations"
Her attractions to increase;
Though all men declare that Alice
Has a lovely "frontispiece."

And if Alice lacks a "title,"
It's because her tastes are plain;
Dukes and counts and such have often
Sought to give her one, in vain.

She is "bound in cloth," (her dresses
All are Paris tailor-made),
Never loud and never startling —
Just a quiet, modest shade.

Alice has no crude "rough edges."
Hush! They say Papa has built
Such a fortune that it's proper
To describe her as "full gilt."

Alice, you could make me happy
As few bibliophiles may be,
If you 'd add the one thing lacking:
"Dedicate" yourself — to me!

Frank Roe Batchelder.



IN DOUBT.

THE COOK. — Sure, Oi had another row wit' the Missus, an' Oi dunno if she 'd loike me to lave or not.

THE MAID. — She has n't said anything to me, Bridget.

THE COOK. — Bedad! if she wanted me to shtay Oi 'd lave, an' if she wanted me to lave Oi 'd shtay!

THE NECESSARY MATERIAL.

"Good-afternoon, Cuttah, me boy!" smilingly exclaimed Cholly Owensome, entering his favorite tailor's; "I 'd like to look at some stuff that would make me a nice, dwessy suit."

"Sorry to disappoint you," grimly replied Cutter; "but I don't happen to have fifty dollars about me, at present."

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

"Don't you enjoy traveling by balloon?"
"No; it makes me air-sick."

ONE.

OFFICER MURPHY. — Did yez meet anny suspicious charakters on your bate last night, Casey?

OFFICER CASEY. — Divil a wan but the roundsman. Sure, he 's the most suspicious ould duck on the foorce!

HE THOUGHT HE KNEW.

TEACHER. — Don't you know what a guinea is?
PUPIL. — Of course! — a dago.

ANOTHER ONE.

BROWN. — Yes, sir, this is a wonderful age in which we live! What do you suppose our great-grandfathers would say if they were told that a person went to sleep in Boston and woke up in Philadelphia?

JONES. — I presume they would want to know what it was that woke him up.

WE NOW and then encounter a citizen who seems disposed to stand by the flag, even though the offices be all filled and there be standing-room only.



AN EXCEPTIONAL LINE.

ISAACS. — Sooner or later dere vill be a trusd in all kinds of peezeess.

COHEN. — Not in der oldt clothes peezeess. If dere vos fixed brices in dot line half der fun of it would be gone.





BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

IT IS easy enough to git rich, if you only know how to go about it," said the Old Codger, during one of his especially crabbed spells. "All you've got to do is to trust nobody, befriend no one, suspect everybody, believe every man is dishonest till you become convinced that he is as honest as the day is long, and then continue to watch him at night; git all you can, keep all you git; do nothin' for nothin' for nobody; take no interest in anything that don't pay you interest; shave your upper-lip regularly, and be stingy and mean and hated and envied for forty or fifty years, and you'll be rich, just as sure as sure-pop itself.

"But, then, just about the time that you've piled up so much wealth that you begin to feel satisfied that you'd begin to feel satisfied if you only had just twice as much money, Death will hold you up and pry you loose from your accumulation with the point of his scythe; and your heirs will rend each other over what you have left behind. Aw! it is easy enough to git rich!

"On the other hand, it is easy to be poor; just about as easy as it is hard. Treat all men fairly and justly, gouge nobody, be charitable and compassionate, believe every man is honest till he proves himself the opposite, and you will have the approval of your own conscience; but you will also have to ink the seams of your Sunday coat to make it look respectable, walk in the dust while smoother and less scrupulous men ride by, and be called a worthy person, no doubt, but he has no faculty.

"Your heirs won't fight over what you leave, simply b'cuz, while they may profess to believe that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, they are well aware that as a medium of exchange a good name a life-time long won't purchase one small and soggy salt cod-fish. So, after all, as far as this earthly existence is concerned, it is just about horse and horse betwixt the two courses; and if there was no hereafter I'll be blowed if I'd know which side of the question to choose; but I kinder think I'd compromise with my conscience and my greediness and try a little of both methods, deftly and diplomatically mixed.

"But when I think of the Future — the big, awful day of reckonin'—and recall the almighty-aptability of the rich and compassionless skinflint havin' to face the long and accusin' line of widows and orphans and poor chaps without faculty whom he had gouged and oppressed on earth; and, also, when I picture the pleased surprise of the compassionate poor man, as he stands humbly forth, perhaps still arrayed in the shabby coat with the inked seams—it seems as if nobody would know him without it—and one bright spirit, who was formerly a weak and poverty-stricken widow, tells how he cared for her husband when the consumption was catin' him up, and another spirit tells how the new-comer helped him to save his little home from the grab of the rich skinflint's mortgage; and another, who used to be a poor crippled girl, testifies of his sympathy and help, and the storekeeper's spirit steps out and says he always paid his bills, and mebbe a dozen more that he has long ago forgotten stand eagerly forth to add their indorsements, and—

"Hoh! There goes Deacon Hockersmith! Confound him! he knew good and well that the horse he traded me day before yesterday had a spavin and was goin' blind in one eye! But, aw, well, the patent ridin'-saw that I swapped him won't saw anything worth



THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

"Ma noticed that you are getting quite stout," said the lamb.
"Yes," replied the hog; "I'm in training for the County Fair."
"Oh, indeed!" said the lamb, with the carelessness of effervescent youth; "Ma thought it was for the butcher."



A LAST RESORT.

LADY.—Why don't you go to work for a living?
TRAMP.—Well, Lady, I want to give everyt'ing else a fair trial first!

speakin' of, except whoever tries to operate it, and I kinder suspect that if he ever gits the seven dollars boot-money I promised him he'll have to law it out of me!"

Tom P. Morgan.

PLENTY LEFT.

"I heard," said the first centipede, "that your brother met with an accident."
"Oh! nothing serious," replied the second centipede; "he did suffer a few casualties—broke ten or eleven legs—that's all!"

A POOR BUSINESS.

IKEY.—Fader, do you know diamondts are made out of coal?
HIS FATHER.—Yes; but it dakes so long der interest on der money would eat up der brofits.

A PRECEDENT.

THE FIANCEE.—Why, Mama! there is the highest Scriptural authority for early marriages.
MAMA.—What do you mean?
THE FIANCEE.—Take the case of Eve!

THE NEW woman flies out at the window when the new baby knocks at the door.

WE ARE not worried about the worst coming to the worst, but we don't want it to come to us folks who are not half-bad.

PUCK.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"NOT DEAD YET." THE SPECTACLE afforded by the British lion is novel and edifying. He has been subjected to treatment considerably destructive of his dignity. He is a changed beast. He has behaved very much like a fat, puffy old park lion that has been pampered with sweets and adulation into a false sense of security. Perhaps it is only another example of the degeneration which wild animals undergo in captivity. Meanwhile it is not to be wondered at that people of common clay should be unable to suppress an emotion near to joy at the shock which British complacency has received. This feeling, we understand, is to be had at its keenest in reading the London newspapers. If the Almighty were publishing a newspaper its dominant note would be that of the London daily: a calm assumption of omniscience and omnipotence, and a benevolently patronizing attitude toward peoples that had the mischance to be alien. Remembering the truly British comments of the London papers on the management of our recent campaign in Cuba, the man who can not find something grateful to his soul in their present editorial tone is almost too good for this world. At the same time it should be remembered that the British lion is by no means a dead lion. The British Empire is still in business; and, if it is not carrying off the South African situation as jauntily as it meant to, there is as yet no reason to suspect that it will not bring new and adequate forces to the task. Nor is it any the less probable that the ultimate British triumph will forward the world's civilization.

SENATOR HOAR'S WOES. IT is a blessed land of hush and inertia that old people live their last days in. Nothing is done there, for they abhor action. Nothing happens, for events disturb them. Dozing is the nearest thing to action that is respectable. And they are offended by whomsoever will not fall asleep with them. That the actual world has not aged as they have aged; that there are great works still to be done; that their places must be taken by young men—these are not truths to them, but insults. They seldom realize that this thing of world-making is not to end with their own decay. Senator Hoar is a conspicuous and rather pathetic example of these old folks. He wants

rest and quiet and cessation; and because the Plan has not been miraculously altered to suit his taste he is cross and worried. Of course he is not logical. For we have not heard that he has taken steps to deed back to its rightful owners—from whom it was taken by the cruellest violence—certain real estate which he occupies in Massachusetts, and to which, by his own argument, he has no right but the robber's right of might. But he is past knowing that he has no logic. He wants only to lay down the moral law for his countrymen, and he does so with the persistence of the *premiere* in an old lady's home.

Another New England Senator made a speech some sixty years ago, in which he said:

"What do we want with this vast, worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or those endless mountain ranges, impregnable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public Treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston than it now is."

That was Daniel Webster speaking, and he was referring to what is now the Western third of the United States. Senator Hoar might read those few lines with profit. They might suggest to him that there are some things he is as powerless to avert as Senator Webster was; and that his efforts to avert them will seem as ridiculous, some day, as the words of Webster seem now.

RELIGION AND PROTECTION.

AN unidentified humorist, a member of the American Protective Tariff League, has favored us with Circular No. 140 of that organization. If the other one hundred and thirty-nine were as delightful we shall never cease to regret having missed them. "With a view," says No. 140, "to securing a comparison between the condition of the people under the Free Trade Wilson tariff and the Protection Dingley tariff, we desire to have reports of plate collections in all churches for the six months ending June 30, 1895, and the six months ending June 30, 1899." The American Protective Tariff League must be hard pushed. Perhaps the recent free-trade sayings of President McKinley have made it desperate. In the first place, we believe the churches are generally claiming that their collections have fallen off in the period named, though we have not heard that they ascribe the decrease to our fiscal policy. They rather impute it, we gather, to the wickedness of this generation in refusing longer to believe that their loving Maker has doomed seventy or eighty per cent. of them to extreme and eternal discomfort. In the next place, no one, with the possible exception of Mr. Bryan, questions that 1899 was a much more prosperous year than 1895. Statistics are already abundant to prove that. It looks as if the Tariff League were trying to evade the real issue. Instead of putting itself out to prove something that no one disputes, it ought to confine itself to showing us that this prosperity is due to the Dingley tariff; or to demonstrating that the Wilson tariff was a Free Trade tariff. Either of these tasks would engage all its energies.

A NEW FIELD OF ACTIVITY.

FIRST SOUTH AMERICAN.—Well! Well! if this is n't a refreshing scheme!
SECOND SOUTH AMERICAN.—What's that?

FIRST SOUTH AMERICAN.—Why, a syndicate from North America proposes to conduct our revolutions whenever we desire one, do all the advertising and furnish the fireworks, for one-half the money that may be found in the treasury at the time!

ONLY A DREAM.

The Sick Man of the Bosphorus started affrightedly from his sleep.

"Allah, be merciful!" he shrieked, clutching the air wildly. "I dreamed that I was cured by Dr. Bull's Dum-Dum Pills for Peculiar Peoples!"

Then the hapless monarch cowered back among his pillows and wept.

IF THE Chinese could shoot as well as the Boers, nobody would open their door without knocking for permission.

AGUINALDO MAY possibly go down to posterity as the Great Escaper.

ONE DIFFICULTY with the human race is that it too often allows its outgo to be the pacemaker for its income.



FAR FROM IT.

OLD MAN JACKSON (entering unexpectedly).—Young man! I hope yo' are not trifling wif my daughter's affections, or playing wif her young emotions!

YOUNG JOHNSON.—Well, say! Nobody but a Columbia foot-ball tackle would call dis "trifling" or "playing!"



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NOT

YE

K.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

OT

YET.



HER POSITION.

"If you wish to know whether he intends to marry you for your money," said the girl's adviser, "why not put him to a test?"

"Well," replied the anxious maiden, "there is an objection to that. I don't wish to know that he does want to marry me for my money, but I'd like to know that he does n't."

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.
ON CUBA.

"O," SAID Mulligan; "Oi'll not say another wur-rud about yer troubles in South Afriky jist now. Oi'll only say thot Oi hope ye'll have worse luck an' plinty av it, an' thot yer Impayrial Yeomanry an' yer R-rough R-riders'll go to jine the rist av Kruger's boorders at Pretoria."

"Talking about Rough Riders," said Schwarzenkopf, "makes me t'ink of Cuba. Ve did n't handle dot campaign in Cuba so bad, did ve?"

"We did not," said Mulligan.

"Oh! you have n't solved all your Cuban problems yet," I suggested.

"No," said Mulligan; "but we've done purty well for the toime we've been at it. We're gr-radually subtichootin' clane shtrates an' sanitary plumbin' for yaller fever an' malaria, an' three males a day for starvation. Oi suppose there's plinty av Cuban pathriots thot'd rather have gorilla warfare an' yaller fever under their own forrum av gover'mint than pace an' prosperity an' the best av health under anny other. We can appraysheate their feelin's an' will not distur-rb thim in the inj'mint av their opinions so long as they kape their guns hid in the woods an' don't break the pace. We can't plase iverybody—avien at home."

"An' we're takin' a cinsus, an' whin it's completed we'll have shtatistics enough on all p'int's av intherest to answer the purposes av

payple av all shades av opinions. We'll know what the popillation av Cuba is an' how manny av thim lives without visible manes av suppor-rt an' mebbe we'll foind out how the devil they do it—which'll intherest a great manny av us. We'll know how manny br-rigands they have in aich distr-ict an' how much per capita aich br-rigand makes an' how much it costs a br-rigand to live an' how much he has to divoide wit' the Cuban polace. We'll know how much it costs aich citizen on the average to attind bull foights an' play the lottheries an' how manny cigarettes an able-bodied Cuban can smoke if he gives his intoire attintion to it; an' how manny bananas he can ate without havin' to call in the docthor.

"An' we'll foind out how manny av thim is av votin' age an' otherwise qualified to solve all pr-roblims be manes av the ballot; an' we'll notify thim to shtop around to the boord av registhration an' give in their names an' addresses an' how long they've been in the country; an' thim to go an' hould mass meetin's and tor-rchloight parades wit' thransparincies mar-rked, "Down wit' the Thrusts!" an' to shtop in to the pollin' booth an' put their mark under their fav'rit' imblim, the shtar, or the aigle, or the rooster, or the banana or the cigarette, or whatever the devil imblim it is; an' to hang around the pollin' places the balance av the day injucin' their fellow citizens to save the country from the scoundrels av the other par-rties; an' to cr-rowd around the bulletin boords at noight an' cheer or hoot, as they may feel incloined, as the latest ray-tur-rns come in from Pennsylvania an' Texas; an' to rush out aigerly the nixt mor-rning to buy the papers an' foind out thot the country is saved or has gone to the devil, as the case may be. In a wurrud, we'll tache thim to be free an' indipindint Amirrican citizens loike the rest av us."

"I thought," said I, "that you were going to give the Cubans their independence when they are ready for it."

"Just so," said Mulligan. "As soon as they show thot they have sinse enough to run a dacint gover'mint av their own they're welkim to do it. But me own opinion is thot be thot toime they'll be so fond av Amirrican instichootions thot it'll take a bigger ar-rmy to drive thim out av the Union—if we wanted to do thot—than it tuk to take thim away from Spain. An' in a hundred years from now they'll be discussin', as Amirrican citizens, the quishun av whether the United Shtates shud or shud not annex Timbuctoo or some other place thot we have no daysoigns on at prisint, an' they'll be givin' aich other the same good ould ixpansion an' anti-ixpansion ar-rumints we're listenin' to now. An' Oi vinchure to say—an' Oi bouldly defy contrhadiction—thot whin the toime comes we'll annex Timbuctoo!"



BOTH KINDS.

"He asked me if there was good shootin' around here."

"And what did you say?"

"I told him there was some good shootin' an' some mighty bad shootin'."



COVERING HIS TRACKS.

WILLY (who has just had time to close the pantry door).—Mother, you had better look in the pantry and see whether the cat has n't been at your jam!

MY PRIVATE SECRETARY.

THE RUDDY Winter sun has set, with stars the sky's a-sprinkle,
And o'er the bare and frosty square the cheery street lamps twinkle;
The tired workers, homeward bound, fill all the walks to crushing,
From near and far, on "L" and car, they toward the bridge are rushing.

And I, beside the iron stair,
Beneath the arc-light, glary,
As fixed as Fate, demurely wait
My private secretary.

Above the rattling roar I hear the newsboys cry their papers,
I see the lines of windows shine in Park Row's tall "sky-scrappers";
The careless clerk goes swaggering past, the shopgirl by me scurries;
And, stout and hale, with dinner-pail the laborer homeward hurries.
The bridge policeman scans the crowd
With watchful eye and wary;
And so do I, that I may spy
My private secretary.

Ah-ha! look yonder, in the throng that jostles at the crossing;
Don't I know that trim walking-hat upon the bright curls tossing?
Those curls with which the wanton wind provokingly is playing;
That jacket, brown, that jaunty gown, that figure's graceful swaying?
No other pair of feet on earth
Could step so light and airy—
Across the street I go to greet
My private secretary.

For mine she is, although, you see, she works for Justice Sawyer,
And typewrites deeds and learned screeds for that distinguished lawyer,
And in his musty, dusty den, high in the fourteenth story,
Her lithesome grace and blithesome face fill all the room with glory.
For him she toils from nine till five,
A nimble-fingered fairy;—
Each Saturday the Judge must pay
My private secretary.

But law is law, and love is love, and Blackstone, dry and stupid,
With all his art ne'er won a heart whose counsellor was Cupid;
And, when we've saved a trifle more, though I'm not great nor clever,
She'll leave that glum old desk and come to bless my home forever.
The Judge must call her prim "Miss Jones,"
But I may call her "Mary;"
Through life, you see, she's going to be
My private secretary.

Joe Lincoln.

MR. BRYAN AND MR. CROKER.

"Three cheers for Bryan!" shouts Mr. Croker.
Mr. Bryan bows, but manifests uneasiness.
"How about the tiger, old man?" he whispers, hoarsely.
But at this point Mr. Croker changes the subject.

KEPT BUSY.

"They say the men in the British War Office are working day and night."
"Just so! Mobilizing explanations?"

GOLF UP-TO DATE.

Tommy Atkins 's playing golf,
But badly needs a coach;
He "teed off" well, all will admit,
But "foozled" his approach.

KEY WEST.

ALTHOUGH "many men have many minds," the verdict of the whole civilized world is a unit in the answer that a good cigar is the product of the finest soil of Cuba, known as the Vuelta Abajo, or Valley of the Willow Bough, manufactured by natives (who have grown up in the industry) in the self-same climate where the raw material is grown.

That is to say, that Vuelta tobacco manufactured in the latitude 19° 50' to 23° 9' and in longitude 74° 8' to 84° 58' by experts who may be said to have grown up in the industry, experienced in the most expert treatment from seed-bed to consumer, gives the finest cigar that the world and human skill can produce! That being granted beyond dispute, the most favorable place in the world for making cigars for American smokers is Key West, in the same latitude and longitude as Havana, from which city it is only eighty-eight miles distant. This is because the cigars made in Key West cost the consumer only about one-half what the same identical cigar made in Havana and imported to this country would cost him—the present tariff imposing a duty practically at the rate of one dollar per thousand cigars for every mile of distance between Key West and Cuba. See what an advantage this is for our product, manufactured at Key West—for at a moderate cost the Cortez Cigar Company can supply the consumer with goods equal in quality, style, and workmanship to those of most celebrated Havana cigar-factories.

Key West is unique in location, buildings, population, and climate. The coldest month is January, and the temperature is an average of 68 degrees to 72 degrees, while statistics show that it is the only point in this country where snow and frosts are unknown, and this secures the ideal climate for cigar-making. This is because it is not necessary to use in the Cortez Cigar Company's factory any artificial moistening or sweating process, thus retaining the full aroma and bouquet (which is so dear to every smoker) to just the same extent as in the Havana factories. This cannot be done in factories farther north! And herein lies the great advantage of Key West.

Knowing all these important facts, the Cortez Cigar Company selected this city for the location of their factory, determined to produce only high-grade cigars, equal in every way to those of Havana, at about one-half the cost to the consumer! This product is always the same in quality. Year after year the Cortez Cigar Company use the same grade of tobacco grown on the same plantations, and by skillful blending of the selected leaves from the hill-sides and valleys, secure a uniformity which cannot be surpassed.

There is a reason for everything, and the reason of the Cortez Cigar Company for devoting their energies to the production of a fine cigar is because they believe and insist that the highest civilization demands the lightest and most perfect stimulant, and they believe that their process results in the combination of the highest possible art and science of cigar-making, enabling them to offer the best, mildest, and most uniform smoke to men of brains.

To meet the taste of various smokers, the Cortez Cigar Company make no less than fifty-two sizes of cigars, from large to small—for some like a long smoke and some a short one; but the quality is identical in each, and a man does not get a poorer cigar for a lower price, but simply so much less of the one high grade of uniform quality. It must not, however, be overlooked that the fullest flavor and bouquet can only be reached with a cigar of a medium to a full size. It is like the use of a perfume—a drop will not convey the same fragrance as will the orthodox half-dozen drops, yet it will be the same identical perfume without change. The cigars of the Cortez Cigar Company may always be identified by the reproduction of the cut on the inside back of each box. It is our aim to have our cigars on sale wherever high-grade goods are demanded, and should your local dealer offer you "something just as good," decline it, and write direct to the Cortez Cigar Company, Key West, for samples and particulars.



A MAN is invariably disappointed when the man he is said to look like is pointed out to him.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

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That's All!

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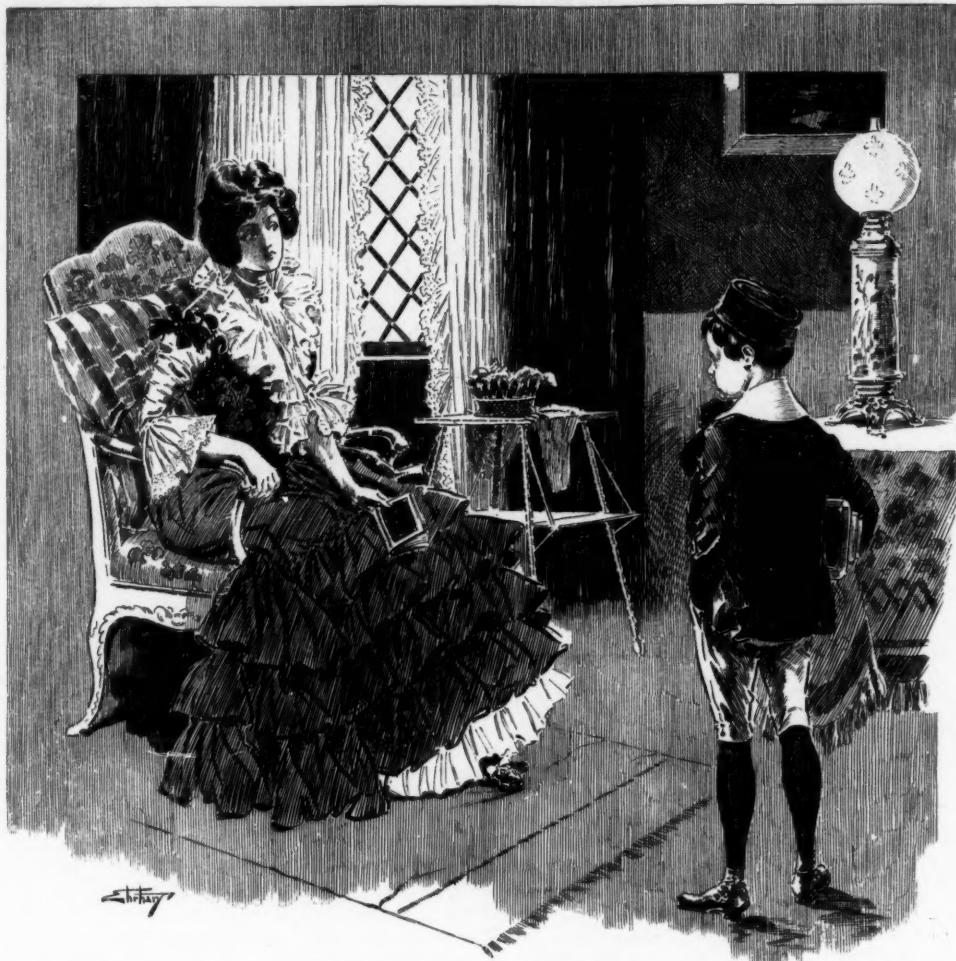
TRAMP.—Here's twenty-five cents. I want ter pay it to you fer that free lunch, and then you throw in five glasses o' beer. See?

BARTENDER.—Twenty-five cents will buy the beer. The lunch is free, you know.

"I don't want 'er that way. I want ter pay a quarter fer the lunch and git the beer free. See?"

"It's all one either way. What difference does it make?"

"It's a matter o' personal honor, sir. I promised th' ole lady wot gave me the quarter that I'd spend it fer something to eat. See?"—*N. Y. Weekly*.



AN EASY WAY AROUND.

MOTHER.—George Washington never told a lie!

SON.—I suppose when he did n't want to tell the truth he simply said, "private business," like Mr. Croker, and that ended it!



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A tonic made and bottled in France expressly for people in poor health; also for NURSING MOTHERS.

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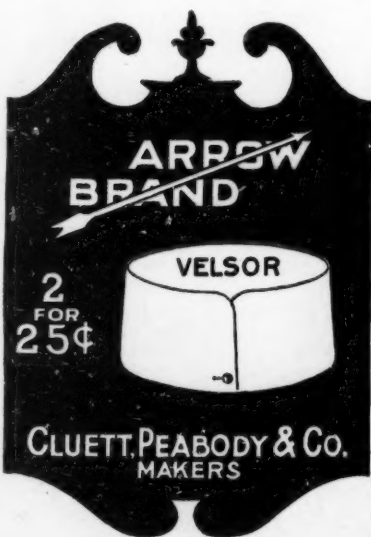
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NOT ALL ENGLISH.

LITTLE MISS WAY-UPP.—Is your butler English?

LITTLE MISS HIGH-UPP.—N-o, but his clothes is.—*New York Weekly*.

FARMING looks as pleasant to the lawyer as the lawyer's work does to a farmer.—*Atchison Globe*.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne aids to digest your food; no dinner table should be without it.

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PILLS** Cure Indigestion,
Constipation,
Sick Headache.
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

Goe's Eczema Cure \$1 at drug stores. The world's surest cure for all skin diseases. Samples Free by mail. Goe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

BILL.—What's that fellow trying to prove by rocking the boat?

JILL.—That the fools are not all dead yet.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

LAY up something for a rainy day, but do not be so foolish as to invest all your money in umbrellas.—*Elliott's Magazine*.

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The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.
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TWO QUESTIONS.

SKATER. — Heavens, man! you are dripping wet! Did you fall into the water?

THE OTHER. — Say! you don't think this is perspiration, do you?

A GLORIOUS VISTA.



"YES, SIR," remarked 'Squire Turley to the yeomanry of Basswood Corners, assembled in the General Grocery, Hardware and Clothing Store; "I'm an admirer of old England, and I tell you right now that the United States can't get along much longer without an alliance with her."

"In the first place, such an alliance would help both countries. We need it this minute. The two great Anglo-Saxon powers united for war would be a spectacle that would simply paralyze the other nations. Think of

it! The hull British navy backin' up the mighty land forces of the United States! A dozen big English battleships would have thundered forth a joyous salute right in Manila harbor every time our resistless soldiers captured another Filipino capital a hundred miles or so inland. Would n't that be an imposing circumstance? And what European power would dare attack us? Would France or Germany or Russia? Why, look here! we could raise ten million troops, land them on the very shores of Germany and invade the entire country, while the British navy kept the German fleet from bombarding the grand old metropolis of London.

"Or suppose we should have an Indian outbreak down in New Mexico. Our heroic soldiers would go to the seat of trouble and quell the disorder, if it took a year and thousands of lives. But, at the same time, mark this: British battleships, with black smoke rolling from their smokestacks, all ready for action, would lie in New York bay, warnin' the powers of Europe against any attempt at intervention. And when the trouble was over and every redskin drove back on the reservation, I can hear the bells ringin' the joyful news right in London itself!

"And, then, the Transvaal war would have been over long ago. At the first symptom of trouble the United States would have sent an army of one hundred thousand men to South Africa and the Boers would have been annihilated in a month. And at the same time the glorious British navy would have roamed the seas and kept them rascally Germans and French and Russians from sendin' a single filibusterin' expedition down to aid the tyrannical and overbearin' Boers.

"And, then, some day, when Russia starts out to invade India the United States would send forth her soldiers by millions, as a mighty protest against the evils of this here hideous pan-Slavism. And the English navy, booming with suppressed strength, would desolate the coasts of Siberia and form a wall of steel around the hull island of England that would forever keep the barbarous Muscovites from landin' on her Anglo-Saxon shores!

"America and England, standin' together, would conquer the rest of the world, even if it took the last drop of blood in this country and the last chunk of coal in all England!"

W. G. Brooks.

It is barely possible that this trouble might have been bridged over if the Boers had sent a deputation to London to give private exhibitions of marksmanship.

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS



LITTLE SHAVERS and big shavers in every land and clime, have for generations found delight in WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS. For richness and creaminess of LATHER, the softening action on the beard, and the soothing, refreshing effect upon the face—Williams' Shaving Soaps are simply MATCHLESS. Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers and are sold everywhere. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

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GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, 10 cts.

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it upside
down**
It won't hurt it!
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Don't Hesitate to
Drain the Bottle.
*Two years in the wood to ripen before
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Pears'

To keep the skin clean
is to wash the excretions
from it off; the skin takes
care of itself inside, if not
blocked outside.

To wash it often and
clean, without doing any
sort of violence to it, re-
quires a most gentle soap,
a soap with no free al-
kali in it.

Pears', the soap that
clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially
druggists; all sorts of people use it.

BIG CHANGE FOR A CENT.



PHOTOGRAPHER (aside).—Dear me! I can't get that woman to look pleasant!



(Aloud).—I suppose you know that these photographs are marked down
from five dollars a dozen to four dollars and ninety-nine cents?

NATURAL THOUGHT.

"O Mama! look at that!" cried little Freddy Fangle, when he saw for the
first time a Highlander in national costume.

"Yes, Freddy; that's a Scotch Highlander."

"And he's got his rainy-day skirts on, has n't he?"

WILLING TO BEAR THEIR OWN BURDENS.

"Our cause in South Africa is a just one," declared the oracular English-
man. "The interests of civilization demand the success of our arms in our
struggle with the Boers. We must take up the white man's burden."

"Yes, sir," replied his less erudite countryman; "but we've got to be
almighty careful or them domned Boers will fill the hull blasted burden full of
dynamite or lyddite or something of the kind, before they give it to us."

SOMEWHAT UNCERTAIN.

"What," asked the Designing Imperialist, "is the capital of the Philippine
Republic?"

The Boston School Boy merely gave him a withering look, vouchsafing no
reply.

"THE ONLY trouble with our political parties," says the disgruntled citizen,
"is that one is as bad as the other."

MAJUBA HILL will not feel so lonely in British history as it once did.

IF THE suggested "Dreibund" should ever become an accomplished fact it
is to be hoped that it will not delegate to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the
power of declaring war.

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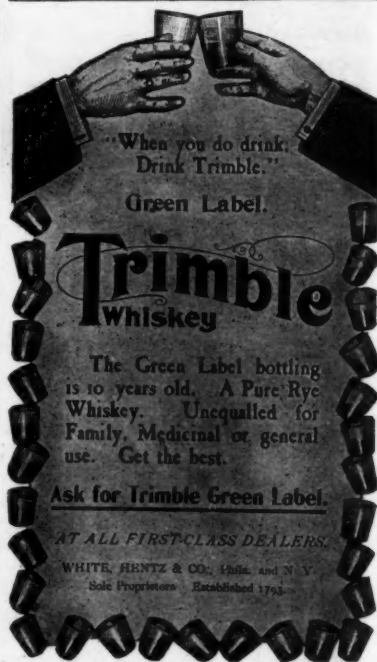
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HAD HER DOUBTS.
 "I don't believe professors know so very much," said Mamie.
 "Why! How can you talk so?" rejoined Maud.
 "Well, I don't see why Mr. Fulpate should have seemed so surprised and puzzled when I asked him how to say 'rubber-neck' in Greek." — *Washington Star*.


EVEN if you do not live in a glass house, it is a good idea to refrain from throwing stones. — *Atchison Globe*.



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H&I Collars

TWO LEADERS.
 Here are pictures of two of our latest and most fashionable collars for Winter—one for morning and one for evening.
 Ask your dealer for H. & I. collars. They cost but two for a quarter but they give you the very latest styles, are thoroughly and conscientiously made of carefully selected materials, and contain all the style, comfort and durability that it is possible to put into a collar.
 If your dealer does not sell them send us 25 cents, giving your size and the style and height you prefer, and we will send you two collars that will please you perfectly, or your money refunded.
 Our "Style Book for Men" tells all about men's collars and shows the latest and most popular styles. Ask us for it.
HOLMES & IDE, Department "P," Troy, N. Y.



H&I COLLARS

CICERO 3 in.
OSBORNE 2 1/2 in.

MORACE 3 in.
VIRGIL 2 1/2 in.
SERVIVS 2 1/2 in.

AT THE DIME MUSEUM.
 VISITOR.—What is there different about this woman from others that she is on exhibition?
 MANAGER.—She is the only woman who gave birth to triplets who did not name them after naval heroes. — *Norristown Herald*.

In matters of the heart the average woman does not know whether to get the man she does not wish or keep on wishing for the man she can not get. — *Elliott's Magazine*.

"Milder—the mildest of quality - purity"

Nestor Cigarettes

THE INDOLENT GARDENER.
 MRS. SUBUBB. — No more milk? What's the matter?
 GARDENER. — The cow has stopped givin' milk, Mum.
 "Goodness me! Why?"
 "Because she's dry, Mum."
 "Then why in the world don't you give her a drink?" — *N. Y. Weekly*.

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIAL. — You told me there was nothing but clothing in your trunk and here is some brandy —
TRAVELER. — Yes; and every drink is a night-cap. — *Harvard Lampoon*.

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 "It is distinctly to be recommended as an antidote for the blues." — *Hartford Courant*.

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HE TRIES TO MAKE IT UP.

HE.—Won't yo' 'low me to escho't yo' home, Miss Black? I t'ink yo' am too good a chu'ch membah to keep up a quarrel.
 SHE.—Huh! I doan' t'ink yo' am much ob a chu'ch membah. I done sor yo' sleepin' t'roo de sermon.
 HE.—Wa-al, I was dreaming ob yo'.

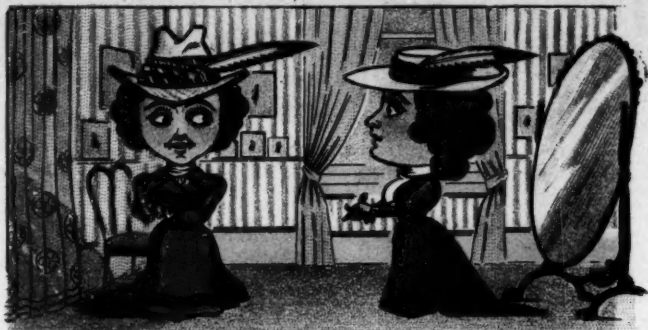
The best appetizer and regulator of the digestive organs is *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters*. Try it. Be sure to get the genuine.

THE trouble with the average man is that he has no one to censor his talk. — *Atchison Globe*.

A TROUBLESOME conscience will succumb temporarily to a jag, but it resumes business the next morning with renewed vigor. — *Washington Post*.

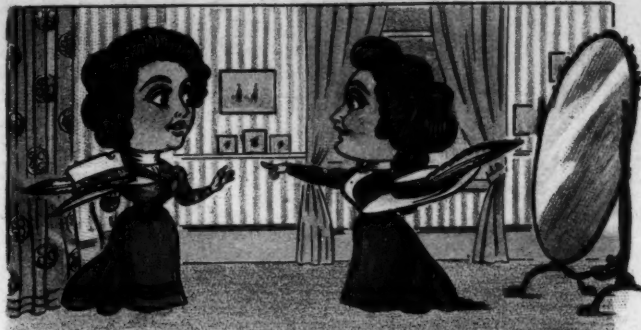
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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

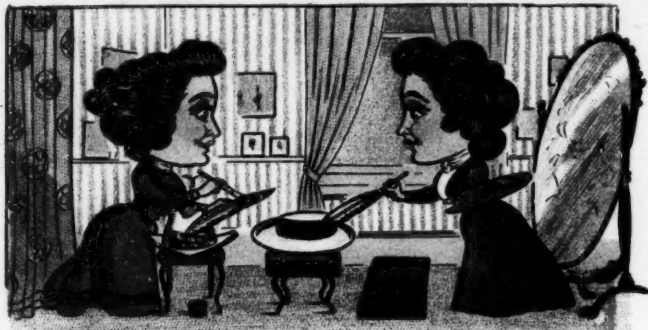


CLARA.—I hate to go out! Those two idiotic dudes are always waiting to ogle us.

NAN.—I wish there was some way to stop it. Say, Clara, these hats are stunning, are n't they?



CLARA.—Oh! talking about those hats with the large quills puts me in mind of a way to settle these dudes. Go and get me a tube of your black paint.



"Now, see! Paint the tips of the quills with this black paint. Put it on good and thick. No one will notice it, because the quills are black-tipped, anyhow."



CHOLLY.—Oh, say! here come those little beauties. Let's have some fun with them!



"I tell you what to do. You stand right in the middle of the walk and they will have to separate as they pass us. Oh! this will be a clever joke!"



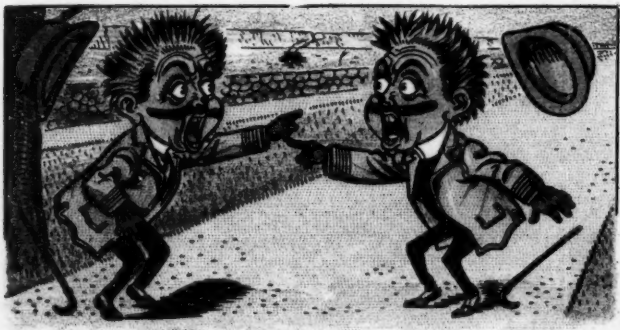
BOTH.—Ah, there, girls!



"Oh!—aw!—Tickle me with a feather!"



"Oh! was n't that a good joke on them?"



“ ——— | ——— | ——— | | ——— | | ——— | ——— ” .

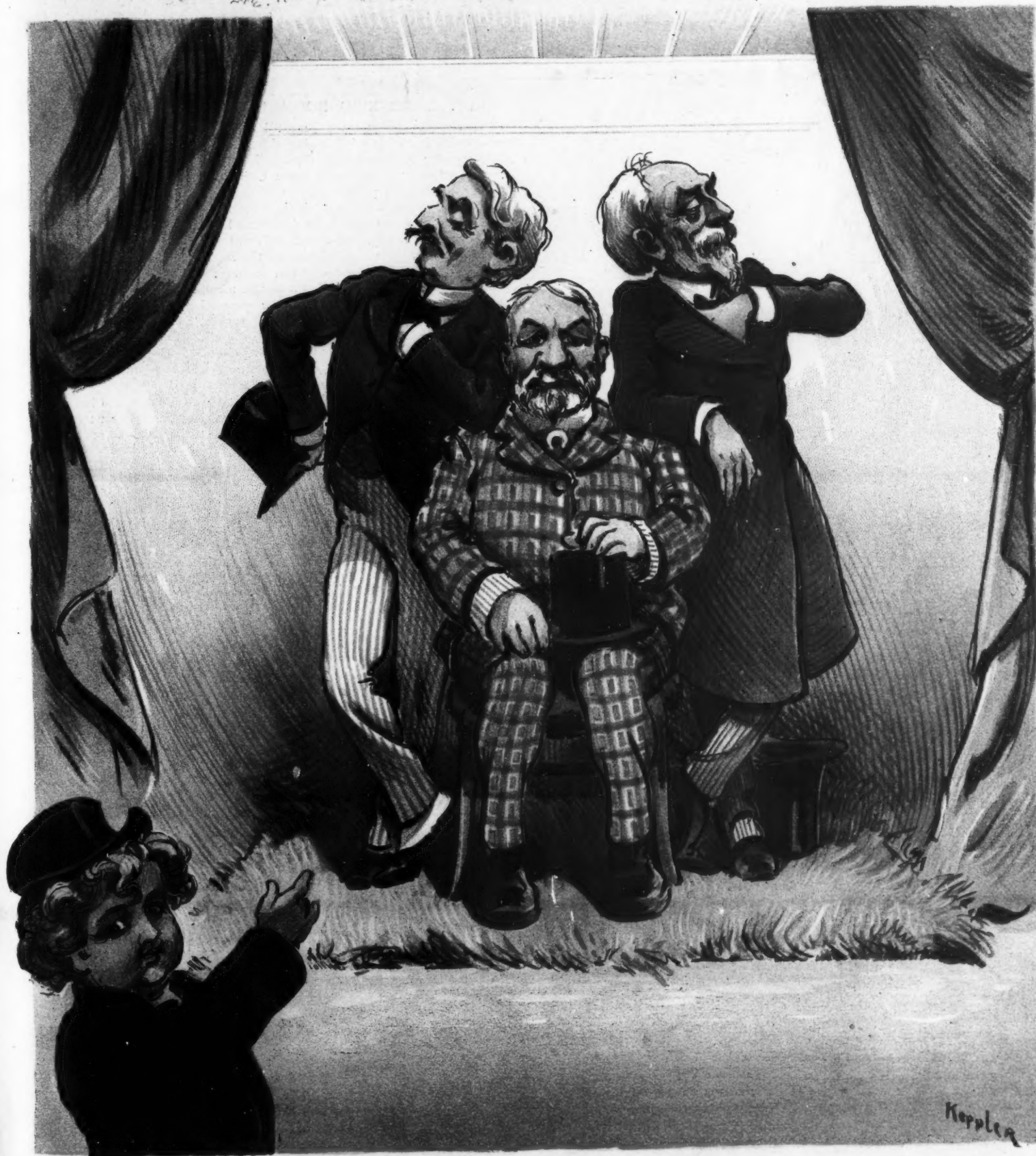


CLARA AND NAN.—Tickle me with a feather, eh? Well, I'll wager they will not bother us again!

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



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PROFESSOR HADLEY WANTS IDEALS IN POLITICS—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE?



AN INFINITE VARIETY.

MR. JACKSON.—Do you not love de dreamy waltz?
MISS JOHNSON.—Dar's dreams and dreams, Mistah Jackson! Some partners is jess like lobster dreams!